

THE

CALF;

The UNCO CALF's ANSWER;

VIRTUE---to a Mountain Bard;

AND

The DE'IL's ANSWER.

To his vera worthy Frien'

ROBERT BURNS.

Printed in the present Year.

THE CALF.

The following Poem was presented us some time ago for publication, but at that time judging it too personal, an acknowledgment was made to our correspondent; but, as it now appears in print among Mr. Burns's poems, we take the liberty to insert it, with the CALF's Answer, which we have just received, addressed to Mr. ROBERT BURNS.—*Glasgow Advertiser.*

To the Rev. Mr. *****, on his text, Mal. iv. 2.

"And ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall."

RIGHT, Sir, your text I'll prove it true,
Tho' heretics may laugh—

For instance, there's *yoursel'* just now,

G—d knows, an *unco Ca'f.*

And thou'd some Patron be sae kind

As blefs you wi' a kirk,

I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find

Ye're still as great a *stirk.*

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour

Shall ever be your lot,

Forbid it, every heavenly pow'r!

You e'er should be a *stot.*

Tho' when some kind connubial dear

Your but and ben adorns,

The like has been that you may wear

A noble head o' *horns.*

And, in your lug, most Rev'rend J—,
 To hear you roar and route,
 Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
 To rank amang the *nowte*.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead
 Below a grassy hillock,
 Wi' justice they may mark your head—
 "HERE LIES A FAMOUS *Bullock*."

The CALF'S Answer to Mr. ROBERT BURNS.

"*Answer a fool according to his folly.*"—Prov. xxvi. 5.

NOT half your proofs,
 To show my hoofs,
 Dear brother Brute, we're wanting;
 Come let's shake cloots,
 And leave disputes,
 Lest folk should think ye're taunting.

Why do ye blush?
 I see you wish
 The name, *dear Brute*, to smother;
 And Robert Burns,
 In *calf skin*, spurns
 The friendly name of *Brother*!

But since I find
 You scorn your kind,
 I here foretel your fate, Sir,
 On *stalls* you'll sleep,
 In *skin of sheep*,
 Perhaps no distant date," Sir;

Or with disgrace,
Expell'd our race,
Bound up in Turkey-leather,
Make bull and calf
Low out a laugh,
To hear your goose-like blether.

But why deny
Your fellow-kye
Your *loud* melodious route, Sir?
For still you show
You're made to low
And *ramp* among the nowte, Sir.

"*When love, warm, young,*
"*Keen shiv'ring strong,*
Your sturdy heart oppress'd, Sir,
Without disguise,
To half shut eyes,
You stood a bull confess'd, Sir.

We brutes don't stray
By instinct's ray,
And fiercest passion driven:
Wild pleasure suits
Not men, but brutes,
Whose light "*is light from heaven.*"

Come, brother brute,
Then gi'e's your cloot,
Men may with passions war, Sir;
Let us employ
Our time in joy,
And thank *our* kinder star, Sir.

ON reading Burns' poems, and some other productions in his defence, my feelings have been so shocked, that I should think it criminal not to contribute with the virtuous few who have already appeared on the side of injured truth.—It is certainly a very agreeable article of licentious faith, that although led astray by fierce passions and wild pleasures, "*yet the light that leads us astray is light from heaven*"—Burns's Vision, page 140.—Such articles, together with the contaminating spirit that runs through this work, are calculated to do more injury to religion, and virtue, than all the atheistical, deistical, and heretical books that have been written this last century.

A Friend to Virtue.

VIRTUE—to a MOUNTAIN BARD.

GREAT, shining, Virtue-wounding boor,
"Thou's met me in an evil hour."

Tho' dissipated rake or whore

May praise thy lays,

Wrong'd VIRTUE now exerts her pow'r

To blast thy bays.

Alas!—'tis not that *bizzie's* strains,

Who prais'd thy wild lust-swollen veins,

And rais'd such tumults in thy reins,

(For her a horse-whip.)

'Tis Virtue's voice, whose sacred fanes

True poets worship.

Wrapt up in irreligious plaid,

On hot Debauch'ry's dung-bed laid,

Tho' rotting passions round her prey'd,

Thy muse peep'd forth,

A bawd, in COILA's robes array'd,

All hail'd her birth.

Religion, Virtue, Coila shed
Some drops of sorrow on her head,
Before pollution quite o'erspread

Their nobler views:

With these sad drops, at times, was fed
A virtuous muse.

The toil-worn Cotter's pious praise—

The Mourning Sage's gloomy lays—

Religion, Virtue, Coila praise,

And oft rehearse :

But ah, the pity! these but glaze

Licentious verse.

Scorn'd by the good and virtuous few,

Tho' Dissipation's baneful crew

Thy vicious page, with cry and hue,

Strive to defend;

Shame, scorn, contempt, disgrace, thy due,

Thy heart shall rend.

This is the fate of *vicious* bard,

No deathless fame is his reward,

'Gainst him the gate of Glory's barr'd

For evermore,

Disdainful "*be to note the card*"

Of *virtuous* lore.

"O wad ye tak' a thought an' men'."

And use Religion's, Virtue's pen,

Higher your fame than eagles ken

Would glorious fly ;

Ev'n I would help to make it sten'

Above the sky.

VIRTUE.

The DE'IL'S Answer to his very wordy frien'

ROBIN BURNS.

TOPHET, May 30th, 1787.

SO, zealous Robin, stout and fell,
True champion for the cause o' Hell,
Thou beats the righteous down pell-mell,
Sae frank an' forthy,
That o' a seat whare devils dwell
There's nane mair worthy.

Gif thou gang on the gate thou's gaun,
Ilk fearless fien' shall by the stand'
That bows aneath my high comman',
Sae be na frighter,
For I sall len' my helpin' han'
To see thee righter.

Thou dis as weel's cou'd be expectet
O' ane whafe wit lay lang neglecket;
An' gets thy rank ideas decket

In rhyme sae bra',
That thou's in Hell right weel respecket
Amang us a'.

Few downin cheils, alive e'e now,
Assist our gang as weel as you :
Some godly fouk yere rhyme I trow
Ca' worthless blether;
But be na fear't, ye'se get yere due,
When we forgather.

The Endor witch, wha liv'd lang syne,
Was a right, honest frien' o' mine;
An' Haman, wha in tale fall thine,
For zealous spite :
But nane o' them did fates like thine,
In black an' white.

Ane Judas too, right true an' leal,
Wha ser'd, wi' perfect heart, the de'il,
An' play'd his part I'm fure as weel
As ony breathing,
Till ance he hang'd himsel', poor chiel,
But that was naething.

Whan I read o'er your canty sang,
Whare rhimes come thun'rin' wi' a bang,
Quo' I, Trowth I'se see Rab ere lang,
An' that's be seen,
Gif Nick shou'd on me ride the stang
To Aberdeen.

Now, Bob, my lad, cheer up thy faul,
In Goshen thou sall tent thy faul',
An' gif thou's aye as blyth an' baul',
As I'm a de'il,
Thou'se no kick up till thou's right aul'—
Sae fare thee weel.

SATHAN.